House

Of

Dreams

Joseph Markenstein
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Galblaas Me , Mary ! Galblaas Me !

By Joseph Markenstein

The role of the Blessed Mother for sinners to receive Jesus without offending Him is well comparable to the Book of Tobit where Tobias is instructed by St. Rafael to take the heart and liver from the fish to heal the demon called Asmodaios who was attacking Sarrah of Raguel by killing her husbands on the first night. This indeed is where the Pharisees got their question from when they wanted to trap Jesus in Matthew Chapter 19. And Jesus' response comes back with Genesis and original innocents where we will no longer have to procreate with each other and our relationships will have a new quality that we will never experience here in life.

This future aspect of origin may seem backwards at first thought. After all, isn't origin behind, or back somewhere? How could origin have a future component to our understanding? The key to the answers for these questions lie in the prophetic advice of St Rafael to Tobias and in our being consumed by Jesus himself. But what did I just say? We …digested ourselves? Well in the philosophical observation everything in a cosmic sense is "digested" by time and elements. That is time will wear away mountains and everything else and weather will change the population of any living things in any given demographic.

Since this is meant for believers and their edification I think I will spare lengthy discourse and leave it to the faithful reader to go further into this mystery with God on their own.

The Blessed Mother may act as a "gallbladder," i.e. the heart, in the digestion of us so as not to offend Jesus with sins we have committed here in this life. In 17th century Spain, in a small town named Agreda, there was a Nun in Blue called Mary of the Child Jesus who wrote of her visions concerning the life and times of Jesus and Mary. In them she recounts that the Holy Spirit entered the Blessed Mother's Heart and evoked an enormous contraction; causing three drops of blood forming into one drop with the genetic code to inseminate the waiting egg in Her Ever Virginal Womb.

We enter heaven from where we were, before we were conceived into flesh; only now with the gender that our soul has chosen and the gender we have been chosen for from the beginning before time

began. Entering through the heart of Mary the way Jesus came through her heart. And if Jesus love's her so much, she is a sure thing in love. Our objective is to be Re Conceived Immaculately for Jesus to digest us without offence!!!

Sins for Jesus here being as bad for Him as dead clams are for us. Divine Mercy together with His Mother will help every one of us to be proper subjects of His majesty which is Mercy. As a liver acts to make digestive enzymes and is sent to the gallbladder to be "mitigated" into the stomach, so too Mary acts as both of these for us in the way of preparatory exercises of virtue. These little exercises are the enzymes and her hand is the "mitigator" of their effects as a nurse may help recuperate a hobbled leg by assisting the patient in walking.

Mary defeating for us the Asmodaios of our dying innocents, while all the day this devil mocked us saying how fun is it to lose our innocents and have it die away. This anxiety of vice in the world over all today, namely going into sins of the flesh and sins of gluttony are healed by this good nurse and good aid of God's Grace. The Blessed Mother may Immaculately Reconceive us into a future sinless state before God her only begotten Son, Jesus Christ by being born through Her Heart and we being incarnated into Jesus. Fulfilling the scripture: "From the Womb before the dawn (Luciferam) I have begotten YOU."

So let us go together with BOLD confidence come to her maternal assistance and fulfill our destiny in Her innocents!

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One room has rugs of
Russian patterns
Ancient and lonely yet
Beautiful to behold.
The patterns are like the
Beauty of a snowy
Day.
A fire burning with
Snow melting yet lingering in some Way.
The Sun beaming through the fabric
Another room has deep blue
Sunshine from everywhere
Like being under water yet
Over all Waters.
Moving into the Blue as

One absorbed into Love.
Melting down, moving
in And spreading out Far and Away!

Still another tear is deep
light, Bright and motionless,
Solid, yet nothing at all.
This light permeates passively
It’s action submissive to the
Forbearance of Me.
Leading to greater and greater
Profundity.
Becoming bright without end
Catabolizing toward the
Anabloys of Peace.
Here down becomes up,
An aspiration beyond all the Eternities!
The final stage, ageless among
All the Ages.
My soul beating beyond my Body without contraction
….Only endless expansion! **By Joseph Markenstein**

Rendre Compte

By Joseph Markenstein

One…

Two…

Three…

Three Persons…!
Ah, ah, ahhhhhhhhhh

Translation of Pensee Perdu by Sully Prudhomme

Perdu’s Chicken Or Distraught Thoughts

It is this poultry of pension
Who would make for a state of
traits, A visible commotion
Who’s elevation is full of Bates.

Tars and feathers the heart it claims;
It will not return at this
point, And depending if
it’s in frame, And for dying
for the final punt.

And in the better half of a second,
None effort has made me do;
I have no taste for the
fecund When in dream, my
dream is Perdu.

Translation of Victor, Sed Victoris by Victor Hugo

Victor, Yet Victual

I am, in our times of cocks and furors,
An Inglorious Bastard, and have made war on emperors
I’ve wared on the foul frats of Sodom;
On their million flotillas and their million Holmes
They raged against me without budging me;
The whole mob is coming to attack on a spree,
And I have delivered war in the midst of foaming waves,
Under the enormous weight of darkened graves
I shall no longer bough my head with a sigh;

I do not fall with those who fear a dark sky,
And who, neither dare probe death or its naves,
While trembling before the unknown maw of caves;
When tyrants prick over us, with haughty faining,
Their dark thunder with crimes for lightning,
I have hurled my soar words at their passing sinister;
I dragged all their false gods with all their false princes,
All their lying groans and all their dying defenses,
Their error, the flaming gauntlette and supernal kiss,
Dragged all of them pell-mell into the abyss;
I have before me Caesars, Princes, and Giants
Who's strength emanates from the heath of compliance,
Before all those whom men adore, excoriate, or incense,
In the face of all Jupiters, the all
powerful stands, Being forty years
loud, incipient, triumphant; And while I
am victuals for a little infant.

Translation of "The Syllabus" by Victor Hugo

The Syllabus

(The Syllabus of errors and Quanta Qura written by Pius IX)

All are eating your oranges with a bewildered riff,
You assemble today, my trembling little
Seraph, Reprove me un peu;
Why? It's my good will that he must all day attend,
Sr. Joan, it is the duty of ancestors to be
tender And for heaven to be
blue.

Do not be afraid. Its true, I have an angry air, I scold,
Not against you. Alas, children, in this vile world,
The priest hates and murmurs;

And, you see, I attend only to our green isles
A sad brouhaha of things imbecile
Who move in the moment.

The priests cast a shadow. Ah! I wish them: undermine.
The open splendor; come Sr. Joan, with your
Markenstein, Come, George, with your Edith
Stein; A ray leaving the lake, the sun’s orb in
sight;
Those who climb the whole flight to God, receive
the light; And for them, it is Albert
Einstein.

I love the Little Flower and I scour the others;
I hate their stammering and I adore you
brothers; Children, when you cry,
I look at myself, listening to what is said by the pure soul,
And I catch a glimpse of an
obscure hole In the
great stary skys.

Because you were yesterday, O gentle loquators of might,
The loqutionaries of asteries and plight,
In you nothing is sublime;
You carry me, to the me stark naked,
Something unknown which ray of the dawn
disjointed; Comes away, where I
climb.

This you would say : leaves the solid ground;
Something more than man or than hound
Are in your eyes anon young;
And your voice which never insults, which never blames,
Which never dies, adding to the great
epitaph’s fame Of misty woods
anon sung.

This gentle stammering, this I prefer;
Because I sense there an ideal; I have aether
without bother In the adobe glens,
And yet God knows well that all day I stop

While Water falls from a step in the rock
drop by drop In the depths of
dank dens.

Those who call death and those who name life
Play the same notes on the soul’s
fife; Bellow we atone
But dreaming, is hovering in these idles,
It’s understood; and the cribs are given the same titles
Of the grave stones.

The priests are crying : Anathema! Anathema!
However nature says with all it’s heart : I love you in
Plethora! Come children; the day
Is all over, and over all seeing joy unfold;
And infinity has no more sapphire and
gold Than the soul has no
play.

I have raised a great voice against these dark dwarves;
But fear not; the flowers are
preserved, The woods
are linen;
The Spring is an immense thing, and we have been,
Welcome, I sometimes put fear in small
men, Never in little children.

31 May 1875

Para Noetic

By Joseph Markenstein

Almost intellectual, almost to
the punch. May I take you to
lunch to munch On a Polly
cracker of chatter?
A spatter of the matter concerning things?

What brings the house down to an
eiderdown Is below the window of
obscurity.
Absurdity is the fecundity of a party,
While obscenity is the plenty of hard and hardy.

Is it possible to parody a paradigm?
Can one in volute and not
pollute One’s mind with
anathema?
Only with a catheter in the noetimer.

Intellequies bifurcating like trees,
Trunks and slugs, like bell, book and
candle Who can loose the straps of
the sandal On the foot which will
trample this trampoline?

Visine™ might make the vision clearer,
To bring our subject nearer though
We won’t need D.M.T. for exposure
Here, without T.N.T. is a kind of
explosion.

A magnanimous expansion of color
Connecting every other aspect of our
dialogue Making the reason peculiarly
monogamous To the reality that every
bandwagon is an omnibus.

Shall we sing as “Us” to
know What knowledge is

to those Who know not
nothing?
In that case they do know something.

About nothing, however can be said,
Only : nothing. From what is absent
Shines in Absinthe
Superieure□™ A pure dream
expressed in bed.

Nothing in the head, instead soul
rising From sleep upward into mind.
Can we find the source Of Course?
Or must we depart from our art of speaking?

Then, intellecating my message to you
Will take place in thoughtless
blue Space where we began in
the nous Always new to
experience of expansion.

So we go from para to supra noetic
Where our ethic is not eclectic
But energetic in expression of the
Idea of Love who from unknowing, buds!
Translation of Guitare by Tristan Corbiere

Guitar

I know how to roll a
“loverette” In a
cigarette.
I know how to roll the gold and fold
pleats And their daughters in
between the sheets!

Fear not, long faithful :
For your comfort my feet are playful;
Thief by chide; owl by pride
Myself uplifted at noontide.

Don’t you know your own Psyche? That its flighty?
Like Cinderella in her nighty?
No?-Ah, well! There, there; its only
me : None else sees but me.

And I’ll leave you quite fresh
Like a little Jesus in the crèche,
Before the indiscretion of the
flesh… I’m so Johnny
Cash!

I know how to philander in a
cigarette A “Loverette”,
Ruffling and folding the sheets of qatar
And Caressing them in my guitar.

C. 1873

Spectacles Of Justice

By Joe Markenstein

O Spectacle of Justice, give me eyes
For the prize, Eleventh Heaven,
The Heart of Jesus your Son
Though it be eleven eternities
If you please Mary bring me
And mine to fold all that emptiness
Between us and His Wound
Intra tua vulnera, obsconde me!
To that Heart, to that part of God
Before We were ever Me
To the dawn before Luciferam
This is the Balm in Giliad Not
part of world fads But One in
Love before phenomenon.
When Jesus made His Avatar,
He descended to Assume the Heart

Parting time and space
With a Flood of His
Grace And processed
Her forth : Birth of His
Birth!